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THE PICTURED ROCKS OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

THE CHAPEL, LOOKING WEST.

THE range of sandstone cliffs known as the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior are in Schoolcraft County, Michigan, on the south shore of the lake, about one hundred miles from the Sault St. Marie, and sixty this side of Marquette; being, therefore, a pleasant (and profitable) summer retreat, with some few disadvantages, the chief of which is the appalling fact that it is about two or three days' canoe journey, either way, to a beef-steak.

Among my memories of school-boy readings are accounts of long voyages of explorers, Jesuit missionaries, and Canadian voyageurs, all of whom describe the wonderful beauties of the Grand Portal, Chapel, and of the surrounding rocks. One winter evening, many years ago, an Oneida Chief put up at my father's tavern in Central New York, and having been a friend of the family in the East, he was invited to the kitchen, where the great wide-mouthed fireplace warmed his heart and illuminated his countenance, while he astonished and delighted a large circle of listeners, who half neglected their apples and spiced cider listening to the story of his journey to the Great West, selecting a new home for his tribe, who were to be

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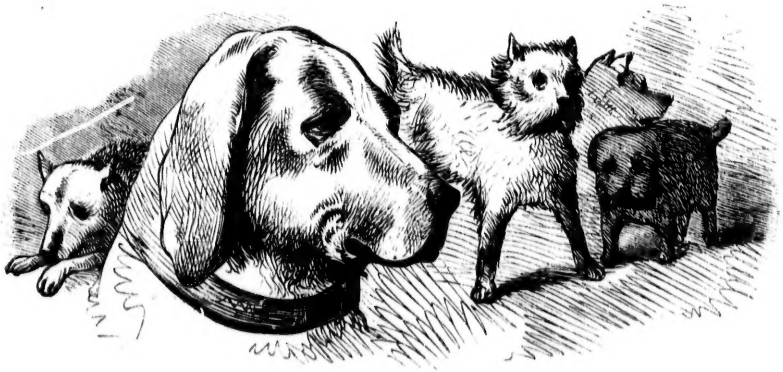
removed by the Government at Washington. During that long golden evening I sat snugged up in the corner, swallowing every word, with hair rising and flesh crawling at the thrilling tales; and, when I could take my eyes away from his face long enough, looked among the pictures in the fire for the rocks and waves, bears and deer, panthers and otters, Indians and Canadian voyageurs, wigwams and birch canoes of his enchanting harangue.

Many times since then I have wished and resolved to see the rocks, and the desire has at length been gratified, and just as if some good spirit had ordered the fulfillment of my dreams. The way to get there is simple enough to those who have read of Solomon's Carpet and its wonderful journeys. A steamboat is a much more wonderful thing than Solomon or Haroun al Rasheed ever dreamed of; and when you are prepared for the trip, with pencil, note-book, sketch-book and colors (if you can use them), cans of preserved milk, and any other eatable and drinkable you please, and plenty of thick clothing, one of them will take you from either Buffalo or Chicago, and in a very short and eventful trip you find yourself, some fine morning about sunrise, far out into Lake Superior, glass in hand, looking southward, trying to make out whether it is rocks or sand banks that you see. For this side the rocks, extending many miles, there are immense banks of sand three hundred feet high, called the Grand Sable, a name given by the French, meaning Big Sands. Having been told that we should be in sight of the rocks at sunrise, we were out on deck shivering in the cold starlight several times during the night, expecting to see them loom up in the dim, uncertain light. But the only visible objects besides the steamer were the stars, so very bright, whose light the steamer was trying to puff out with its double column of pitchy smoke. As you look and shiver, the strange notion seizes you that the boat may be a thing of life after all, such energy and power and seeming purpose, heaving its way through the dark waters!

After breakfast you catch the first glimpse of the Sable, far away to the south, gray and cloud-like. Then two or three hours after the rocks are made out through the glass, and now is the time for excitement among the passengers. Swiftly the boat glides along, and point after point of shore is left behind with their fairy-like forms and colors—a truly grand procession of wonders, not equaled in its kind in all the world.

But it is our business to get ashore, and take to the small-boat for an exploration. One glimpse is not enough; we must linger here for weeks, and become familiar with the scenes we have so long desired to see. Before landing us on Grand Island the steward of the steamer *Planet* cooked up a supply of beef-steak, and put it into our carpet-bag, packing it with crackers and a peck of apples, saying: "This will keep you in memory of civilized life while in the wilderness." Thus supplied, we felt valorous and ready for a trip of any reasonable extent.

We were directed to inquire of the Indians or fishermen on the island for Mr. Williams, who would probably lend us a boat, and in due time found him in his new house (not quite finished, although it has been building for several years). On the way to it from where we landed we were so occupied in watching the Indian women and children on the shore cleaning fish that we did not notice the water coming into the batteau we were using; so our things were soaked in dirty water, and had to be spread out on the grass to dry. Shirts, stockings, and all our useful dry-goods were discouraging objects a thousand miles from our wash-woman. The carpet-bag containing the meat was laid in the grass near the house when we rapped at Mr. Williams's door, and was left there a few moments while chatting with the old patriarch. In a few words, always direct and without waiting to be questioned, he gave us an account of his coming there forty or fifty years ago, his family grown to be men and women having families of their own. But not all of them were living—four of them, his sons and daughters, having been drowned in a storm when return-



INDIAN DOGS.

GRAND ISLAND HARBOR.

ing in a small-boat from Marquette, where they had been for stores.

We could have listened longer, but a growl or two at the door attracted the old man's quick ear, when he asked: "Is there any thing in your carpet-bag that dogs would like to get at?" In a moment we were at the door; but it was too late. We explained what *was* in the bag to Mr. Williams, when we discovered it emptied and the steak gone. What was said in the inspiration of the moment was doubtless said forcibly, perhaps eloquently, but not respectfully. There was no respect shown to dogs, most especially to Indian dogs. Patience, meekness, and forbearance were virtues not then in demand, certainly not in use. Vocabularies of terms, exact and otherwise, suggesting ideas derived from a belief in the Plutonian system and others, were exhausted, and the crowning effort was that of the gray-haired pioneer when he learned that an untold amount of savory sirloin ready for the tooth had been devastated by the dogs. He lifted up his voice (rich and sonorous from his long outdoor habits), but he did not weep. He drew it mild, in a patriarchal manner, discovering much learning and experience on the subject of Indians and their dogs.

There are resident on the island a few Indians of the Chippewa tribe, whose wigwams are built a few rods from Mr. Williams's houses, and who seemed to have imbibed just enough civilization to wear calico dresses, old coats, and dilapidated stove-pipe hats, and drink whisky, when the latter is to be got. Tea and tobacco, of course; but these are no evidence of civilized habits. As you stand under the Point of Pines, near Mr. Williams's houses, and look toward the Indian wigwams, you see only such sights as belong to a wild life. There are several wigwams around which squaws and papooses are busy at work or play; and several birch canoes pulled up on the sand beach. "Bully," son-in-law of the old chief, a half-breed, French and Indian, is helping his squaw clean fish—white-fish and trout—which he has just taken from the pound-net, which is set a few rods from the shore in the harbor. The pure Indians will not help their squaws do such work, as it is considered unfit for men to perform dirty labor. And so it is; but then men

BILL LEMM.

differ so materially as to what may be called dirty work.

Here we are, then, looking on as much Indian life as there is to be found this side the Rocky Mountains. Now turn around where you stand and look the other way, and the scene changes. These log-houses, one story high, built very solidly, with small windows, very stout door, are the original strong-hold of Mr. Williams, built when he first located here fifty years ago. This first was dwelling, the second blacksmith shop, the third a store, now full of goods, and the fourth the cooper-shop, where the barrels are made for putting up the fish caught in the harbor; and the last house is Bill Lemm's, son-in-law to Mr. Williams. The house on the hill to the left is new, and belongs to the present, and has no flavor of age about it yet—white and staring; while the old ones are covered all over with delicate grays, purples, and browns, and soft green mosses and lichens—very comfortable-looking in their old age—innocent of paint, whitewash, or carpet, overshadowed with venerable pines, and their sides half hidden by masses of weeds, tall grasses, and creeping vines.

We found Mr. Lemm ready to take us to the rocks "in the best boat on Lake Superior, if he did build it himself;" fifteen feet long by four beam; mast and oars, with a provision-chest, and named after his daughter, *Cora E. Lemm.* (And it may be here remarked in parenthesis, that all this is true even to the name, which was written all over the stern in elegant English text.) Mrs. Lemm, he said, would cook up biscuit, and we could go early next morning. Part of our luggage was taken down to Lemm's house, where we were to sleep that night. How glorious it is to sleep in the country! Please imagine that the biscuit business had been carried on in one of the largest stoves, with fine dry wood, until half past ten, and our bed was spread out on the floor within ten feet of the stove. The time is July, and the mosquitoes have gathered in millions to welcome the strangers. Careful women shut the windows and doors close. Further particulars concerning the comforts of sleeping in the country are unnecessary. Then, again, it does seem impossible to get ready to go to bed. "Early to bed and early to rise" was torn out of the primer they used when young, and Lemm seemed inclined to stay up all night telling us his history, most especially about his gun. "The best gun in the States, sure." Could draw a bead on a deer in the most difficult and unheard-of places. Drew a bead on a buck once; could just see his nose and one horn, perhaps one eye, right by the side of a huge pine-tree; but just as he pulled the trigger the deer bounded off into the woods. "But, you know, he carried that ball away with him! Deer are getting more and more scary every year."

Next morning we were off bright and early, and as we rowed across the bay Lemm recited the Legend of Munising. This was a grand project of the Philadelphians, artfully laid out on paper, with squares, city lots, hotels, and what not. Back of it a little way—a half mile or so—is a pretty waterfall, sixty feet high, in the midst of the woods—a delightful place to

THE FIRST INHABITANT OF MUNISING

MINER'S CASTLE.

spend summer in. The hotel there, built and furnished in grand style, was occupied one season; but now the furniture is all stored in heaps in one or two rooms, and only one man lives there to keep watch over the things. Indians steal the bed-clothes when they get a chance.

"Splendid site! that Munising. Ought to have had the railroad from Escanaba through to this place instead of to Marquette. But, you see, the iron interest carried the day. It runs now through a swamp most of the way; but this route would a been good land all the way. Besides, and this every one who has lived on the lake knows, Grand Island Harbor is the only real safe harbor on the entire lake. Shut in from the storms in all directions, vessels and steamers put in here for safety when a storm is raging outside. Waves may roll high as a meetin'-house out in the lake, and it will be calm as a mill-pond in this harbor. Bad job carryin' the road to Marquette. We've been through to Green Bay, in winter, by this route, many a time; and Bully has carried mail here for several years when the navigation was closed, always starting into the wilderness for Munising. Back of the town, or where it was laid out to be, the hills rise suddenly about two hundred feet, as you can see from here; and then the country is quite level, all the way to Green Bay, and is heavily timbered."

"Any game in that direction?"

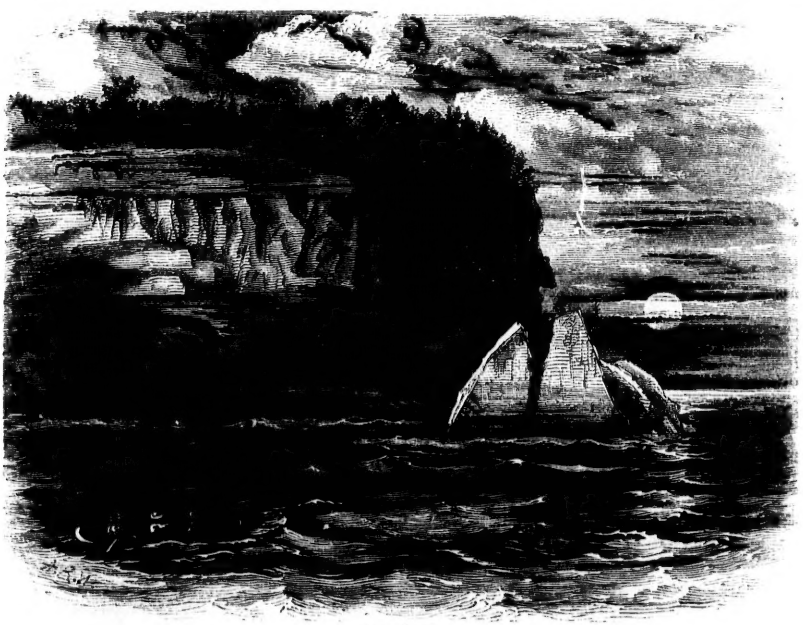
"Deer, panthers, bears, wolves, rabbits, ducks, and a'most any thing you are a mind to shoot, and good trapping all winter. Right here, where the point of Grand Island comes down into the harbor, the water is deep, and the steamers can run close; but on the other side there is half a mile of shallow water, with a hard-pan bottom, and vessels often get aground on it. Pilots and old sailors know it. The harbor seldom freezes over. A little round the shores and up into the bays the storms and winds make a pretty strong current, which keeps it open. That platform, half a mile from shore, was built for a landing, and it was intended to connect it with the shore by a plank-walk and carriage-way; but the whole project went under at once. The railroad to Marquette did

it. That spoilt Grand Island, or we'd all been rich."

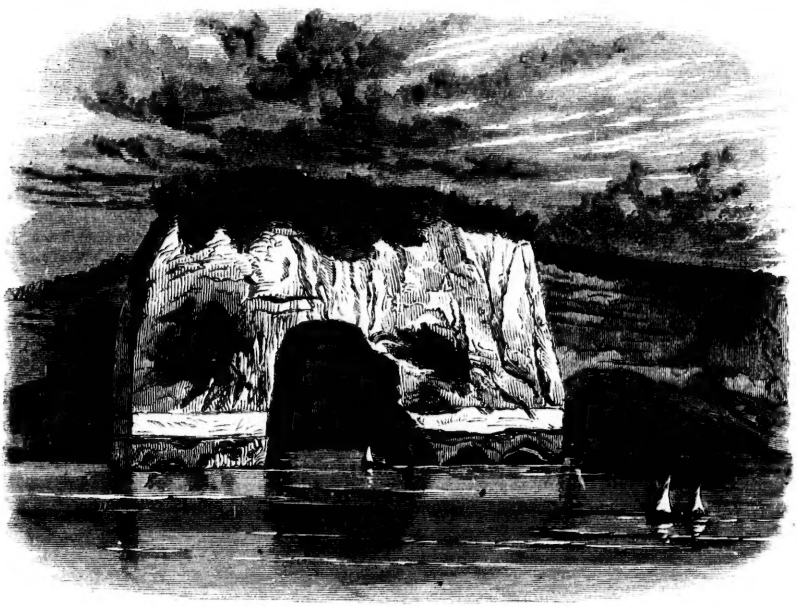
The only inhabitant of this *that was to be* mighty city is a pretty smart man; but then he can't draw a bead with Lemm. It is two miles to the Chimneys—tall, slender columns of rock, among the trees, very much like factory-chimneys, and one expects to see smoke issue from them. A mile or two farther is the Castle—called Miner's Castle, the first of the principal features of the rocks. Tall towers, solid walls, battlements, doorways, loopholes; in general effect, at a proper distance, there is to all appearance a real Norman Castle, and a more solid, impregnable, never was built. Here we go into the great doorway, and our boat sails far in until we lose sight of the entrance. Miner's River enters the lake beside the Castle and is a stream thirty or forty feet wide, and forms quite a safe harbor for small boats in rough weather. Cliff on the west shore of the river and a sand-beach about thirty rods long on the east. Last season Lemm says that a venturesome young lady climbed to the top of the highest point of the Castle, nearly a hundred feet above the water.

Lemm says this beach is not so good for a camp as the Chapel Beach, so we are to go there to build our hut. Just beyond the Miner's Beach the Pictured Rocks begin to show their wonders. Worn into strange shapes by frost and storm, and stained by a thousand dyes in every possible variety of arrangement, far beyond the power of words to correctly describe, and all this profusion repeated mile after mile, keeping up the interest by some new prospect of sweeping curve, or abrupt angle, or fantastic form.

The first cascade we met was two miles beyond the Castle, where the water falls about twenty-five feet perpendicular, and then slides, at an angle of about forty degrees, a hundred and fifty feet farther. Here the colors are quite monotonous and dull, and arranged in stripes running downward. Lemm said that the next headland but two beyond the cascade was the Sail Rock, and we pulled hard to reach it. Just as we neared it we discovered a profile in the end of the cliff which bore a striking likeness to Franklin. The likeness from the other side was not so recognizable, the features appearing sharper. The Sail Rock is composed of several fallen slabs of sandstone which rise above the water about seventy-five feet, and from the east appear like a schooner with sails set, running in toward the rocks. The illusion is complete. When we saw it from the steamer, a mile or two distant, it was supposed to be a fishing or pleasure party cruising along the rocks. Two headlands intervene between the Sail Rock and the Grand Portal—the Great Door. These headlands are being continually formed and changed by the waves and the elements, and are rounded outward with a convexity of generally one foot in ten; and one is usually connected with another with long or short concave sweeps of cliff—the outline taking the character of a telegraph-line suspended rather slack between poles set at unequal distances. The general direction of the coast



SAIL ROCK.



GRAND PORTAL—EXTERIOR.

from the Castle to the Door is northeast; and from the Door by a sharp angle nearly due east to the Sable. All along the coast there are heaps of rocks which have fallen from the cliff, and where the waves have not worn them down (and the sandstone, of all the strata, readily disintegrates) still afford a landing-place. Lemm says these avalanches usually happen in the spring.

We were in a hurry to get to the Chapel Beach before dark and put our hut in order, so we made but a few moments' halt in the Great Door. Sublime spectacle, a dome high in the air, vast and impressive — echoing our voices and the splashing of our oars, and alive with flocks of gulls, we reluctantly pulled away from it, resolving to come again, as soon as we should be located, to measure and explore it. But we did not then know the inconceivable attractions that lay beyond, and prevented our return for many days. On the way to the Chapel Beach from the Door you pass by ten or twelve headlands formed very much like each other, and each resembling the stern of a vessel; and this group we named the Stranded Fleet—from its resemblance to a fleet of immense vessels gone ashore bows on.

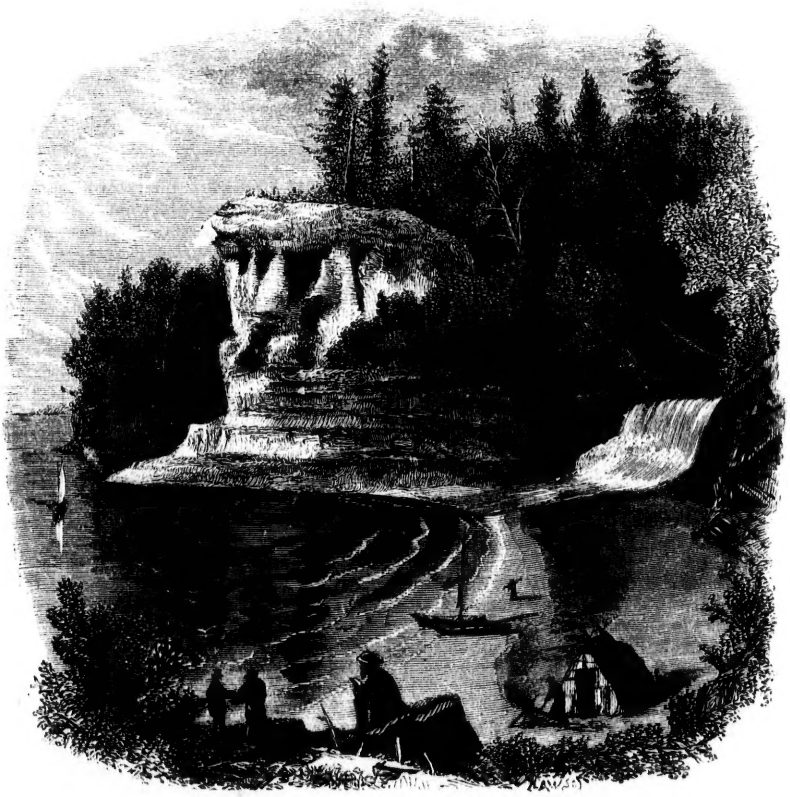
Here we are at length at the Chapel Beach, and there is the Chapel. Is it not truly named? Like the ruin of some ancient temple, whose roof still rests on a few crumbling columns and is overgrown with trees, carrying its date far into the dim past. The Indians locate a Manitou in the Chapel, and another in the Grand Portal.

Did you ever build a birch hut in the wilderness? No. Well, look on, and see how it is done. Cut a few poles for the frame, and stick them firmly into the sand, and tie them together at the top to form the apex of the roof. Roof! why, it will be all roof and floor like a garret. Now peel birch bark in as broad pieces as you can, and get the inner bark of the cedar for strings, and tie the birch bark pieces on the poles, overlapping to shed the rain. Drive stakes deep into the sand and tie poles over all to anchor against the wind. Make a door, and your hotel is complete. Of course the fire is outside.

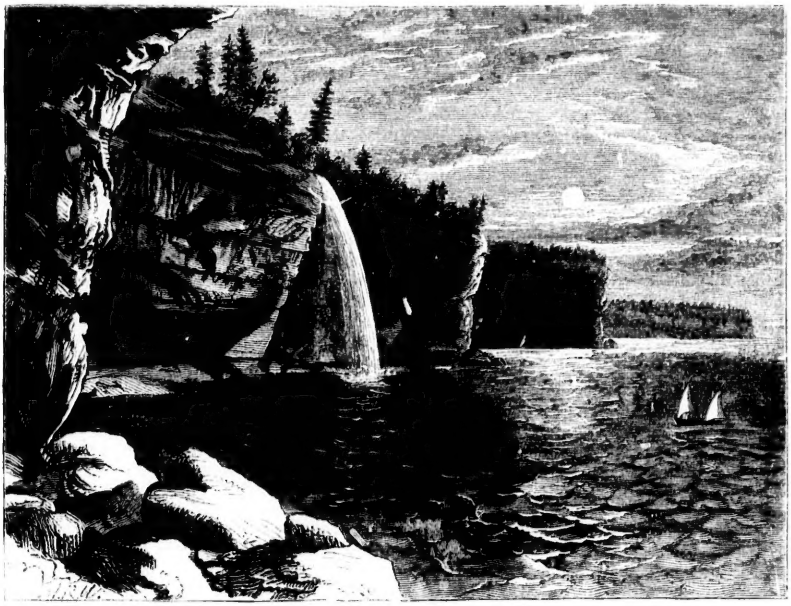
See, our friend the Indian is quietly making a fire to boil coffee. How expert these red men are in woodcraft! He stripped two pieces of bark to my one; and did you see how skillfully he doubled up the corners of one large piece which he is now using as a pail to bring water from the spring? Birch bark becomes flexible by warming, and may be bent without breaking. "I wonder if his birch would be as safe in a high wind as your boat, Lemm?" The idea that any craft could be compared with his boat for an instant so dumbfounded Lemm that he stalked silently away, only giving us a pitying look for answer.

Hurrah! now for work! "Come, Doxtater, while Lemm is busy catching some trout for dinner or supper, as we happen to want it, let us cruise along the rocks; and first we will visit the Chapel. But I say, Lemm, did you ever notice the resemblance to a lion's head in the rock at the top of the Chapel?"

"Yes, seems as if he was lying down and taking a quiet look at the lake. I could show you many another animal and figure among the rocks. Always finding new ones." Where is my measuring tape? Feet and inches take the romance out of it, do you say? I imagine that my friend the Indian felt more than he could put into words, unless volumes were condensed into the single emotional ejaculation which burst from his very soul as he stood in the dome of the Chapel—a space large enough for several hundred people to assemble, with a ruinous floor, but a very solid roof; a single mass of sandstone one hundred and ninety by sixty feet, supported by the cliff on the east side and rear, and by several columnar masses on the front and west sides. The "pulpit" is formed by one of these columns which has been worn away to a height of only three feet above the floor, and is six feet across a level top. One column stands detached, and ten feet west of the main structure. The height is eighty feet from the water to the top. Viewed from either side, but more especially from the east, the impression received is that it resembles the ruin of some vast church. Those immense columns at Abou Simbel, on the Nile, are more artistical, but not more sublime. Being the work of men's hands gives importance to the Egyptian ruin, and being the handiwork of the Supreme Architect ennobles the American Chapel. There are but few stains of color about the Chapel, and these yellow and brown, and only on the lower strata. Beautiful mosses and lichens cover the sides and roof, in some places concealing the stone. You can climb up the cliff by the waterfall and enter the Chapel by the rear, but if you have a boat the best way is to land on the rocks at the front, where are very regular steps in the sandstone, it having crumbled away leaving plates varying from a few inches to several feet in thickness, each receding behind the last, forming a natural stairway up to the main rooms. The Storm King is janitor here, clearing the temple walls and floor by his wind and waves. There are holes in the rock at the level of the water, some extending ten feet or so into the cliff, and three or four feet wide at the outside, which, when there is a high sea, receive a rushing wave and spout back the water and spray for a hundred feet,



CHAPEL BEACH AND HUT.



THE CASCADE.

with a roar like cannon at a distance. In a storm a thousand of these holes keep up a continual roar as of artillery in a battle.

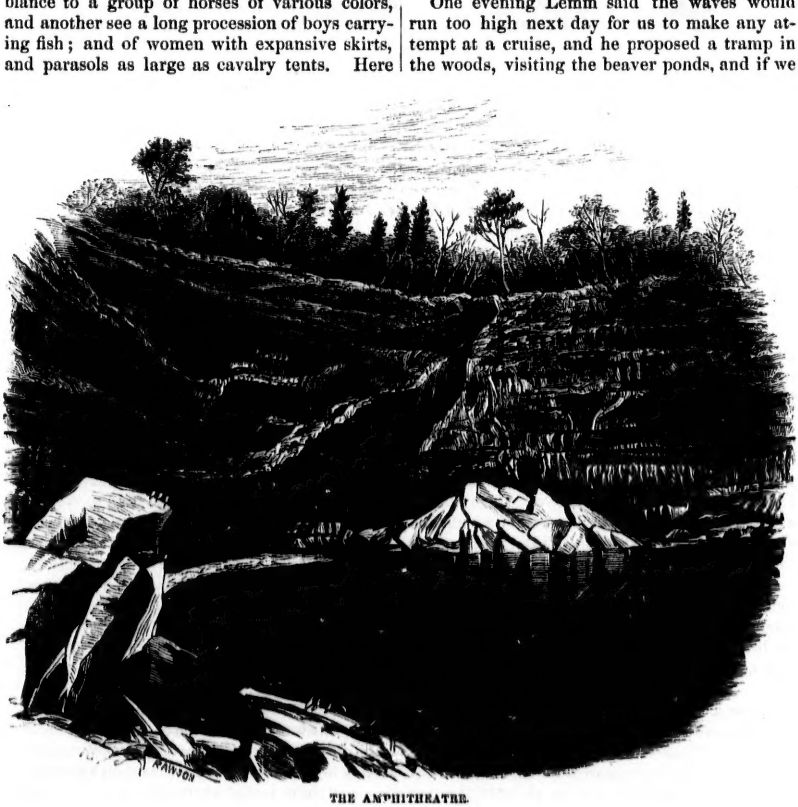
One of the cliffs is made memorable by the wreck of the steamer *Superior* in 1857, whose timbers and machinery is still to be seen, when the water is calm, at about twelve to fifteen feet depth. Lemm has fished up many pieces of iron, and is still hovering around it. The steamer broke its rudder and drifted ashore here in a storm, and the water being shallow soon pounded the hull to pieces on the solid rock bottom; and there was no landing possible, the cliff being nearly two hundred feet high and overleaning the water. Half a mile east of this place is the largest cascade of the rocks, a sheet about thirty feet wide falling clear down one hundred and seventy-five feet into the lake. The overhang of the cliff makes a space of twenty or thirty feet between the sheet and the rocks, where you can row in your boat if you are willing to take a shower-bath. There are several headlands visible in one view from near the Cascade, and the colors are bright and varied. All along the rocks east to west they are crowned with trees, mostly evergreens; here and there an oak or birch. As the rocks crumble away, or are split off by the elements, the trees are undermined, lean over the verge, and finally tumble into the lake. Sometimes an avalanche of rock goes down in a compact mass with the trees standing unharmed. Such an event has made a rocky island, covered with foliage, near the Sail Rock. The rock thus left bare shows its natural color, which is yellow, or golden brown, varying in the different strata; some light, others dark, nearly burned sienna tint, and others warm brown or dull orange. A few years covers the bared rock with lichens and stains uniform with the older surface.

Beyond the Cascade eastward the next place of interest is the Grand Amphitheatre. This is the largest of the concave sweeps of cliff line, and is a display of form and color surpassing any other locality in attractiveness, except, of course, the Chapel and Great Door. The cliff is nearly two hundred feet high, overhangs fifteen to fifty feet, wet with the drain of springs in the soil above or from the rains; and colored with the greatest variety of form and hue. In the view engraved some of these stains are represented as far as black lines are capable of doing this. Near the centre of the view there is a heap of rocks recently fallen, last spring probably, for the cliff above shows the clean bright color of the sandstone. Each side of this bare spot the color is strong and varied as usual. The upper strata, about fifty feet thick, are grayer, and lie in thin slabs or plates, and are less stained than those below. The next under them are colored yellow and brown and russet in confused patches; and below these again appear the blue and white and green tints. Some stripes are as white as chalk, others verdigris green, or pale blue, changing gradually as it goes down the rock to green, and finally dark-brown or black. The source of the color seems to be in mineral oxyds carried over the rock by water, besides the usual lichens and crystallizations. There is a stratum of gravel loosely ce-

mented by sand and clay, varying from two feet thick at the Castle to thirty at the Great Door, and twenty at the Amphitheatre. Most of the strata appear to be thicker at the Great Door, and the cliff is generally elevated fifty to seventy-five feet above the height at five miles' distance each way from that centre. The scene was sketched from the top of a pile of sandstones recently fallen, very similar to that shown in the distance, and where the water from the cliff overhead dripped thirty feet beyond me, affording a cool shade in a hot July day. Perhaps it would be well to say now before I forget it, that in all that trip, except a few hours in the middle of the day, it was very comfortable in a good thick coat and gloves, and morning or evening an over-coat was quite indispensable, while a good blazing fire was desirable, besides being useful for making coffee. The winds are very cold, and when they come over the lake sweep away mosquitoes, gnats, sand-flies, midges, and all the other torments of sultry days, and give you a good night's sleep in peace.

It was our constant amusement to look for shapes among the forms and colors on the cliffs and name them. One would discover a resemblance to a group of horses of various colors, and another see a long procession of boys carrying fish; and of women with expansive skirts, and parasols as large as cavalry tents. Here were elephants grouped with serpents a hundred feet long, seeming to come up out of the water. There a city dimly pictured, with roofs, towers, and spires. There is really no end to this amusement but your own inclination to indulge in it. It was amusing as well as curious to notice the different impressions that the same groups produced on different persons. While the pale faces saw only such objects as were familiar to their common experience, the red man saw the shadows of the past; the history of his race reproduced, written by the Almighty. Where the waves and current make a beach of the sand the gravel from the stratum spoken of is washed quite clean, and among the pebbles are found many fine ones in color and form; agates, jasper, and carnelians. One agate owned by Peter White, of Marquette, and set in a breast-pin, has thirteen hundred lines of differing colors in an inch. We brought home a few pieces of rock and some of the pebbles; the rock very soon fell into sand, and the pebbles are now our only reminiscence of the rocks, except a wide piece of silver birch bark, which was cut near the beaver pond back of Chapel Beach, and the deer-skin which was got in the midst of tribulation.

One evening Lemm said the waves would run too high next day for us to make any attempt at a cruise, and he proposed a tramp in the woods, visiting the beaver ponds, and if we



THE AMPHITHEATRE.

started early we would be likely to see the beaver at play and perhaps get a crack at a deer. Deer tracks had been seen several mornings on the sand not far from our hut, which encouraged us, and the trip was arranged. So before it was fairly light we were all away, creeping silently as possible toward the ponds. The beaver-dam is a hundred rods long, very strong, and floods thousands of acres, forming two ponds, besides wide marshes, where lilies grow, making feeding-places for deer. High hopes and feverish excitement ruled that morning, and we tried to move through the woods very silently, and it must be that we did, for Dox said he could only hear us half a mile.

After some hunting about we found the very best spot imaginable for a look-out—on a high bank overlooking the island where the beaver-houses are built in the lower pond. There were several beavers busy running about, at work or play, and old and young were very lively. We wondered if some showman would not like to transport that island, with its tenants so full of graceful motion and playful habits, to New York or its vicinity. The First National Beaver-Dam Sample-Room would be the popular resort. We could have enjoyed the scene for hours, and not even Lemm's desire to get a crack at a deer would have moved us; but just as we were whispering our debates a sliding plunge into the water under the bank where we lay attracted our attention. Dox said it was a beaver who had been watching us, and had now gone to give the alarm. Sure enough, in a few moments all the islanders were invisible, and after waiting for a little while we concluded that the curtain was dropped on the show, and left for the upper pond, where we arrived about sunrise.

Lemm went direct to the raft he had used on a previous visit, the year before, and he and I got aboard, while Dox preferred to walk along the shore. We had hardly shoved off before we heard a splashing and snorting the other side of a clump of trees, on a little point of land, and Lemm was frantic to get out far enough to get a sight of the deer. In our haste we broke the rotten withes that bound the raft together, and the lilies and grass pulled the logs apart, spilling us into two feet of water, with a very oozy and uncertain bottom. This humiliation was very rapidly taking the conceit out of two would-be deer-slayers, when the crack of Dox's rifle was heard toward the head of the pond, and that finished the business for them. Lemm's face grew very pale and his voice tragically husky as he said, with a groan, "There! Dox has scared them off! I was afraid he would." We waded back to land, and on coming up with Dox found him loading his gun.

"Scared 'em off?" suggested Lemm.

"Yes," said Dox; "scared one."

And sure enough, there he lay, in the edge of the marsh. Lemm referred to the raft in very classic English, of the heroic school. However, venison, roasted or fried in the wilderness, is an excellent remedy for wounded feelings. And we roasted and ate and chatted, recounting former exploits, and so whiled away the rest of that day, drying our clothes by the fire, and when weary with wagging our tongues, late in the night, arranged ourselves to sleep.

Cowper says, in the "Sofa:"

> "But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
> And sends thee to thy cabin, well prepared
> To dream all night of what the day denied."

And he has hit it exactly, except that we had *no* dull, although several dusky evenings; and that last line touched our case exactly. And another fine old English poet, Holty, says:

> "Happy the man who has the town escaped!
> To him the whistling trees, the murmuring brooks,
> The shining pebbles, preach
> Virtue's and wisdom's lore."

Splendid lines! With what pleasure can one recall the dulcet strains of the rural poets when in the wilderness. I think it is in the opening of the "Time-Piece" where Cowper says:

> "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade!"

expecting to find there relief from certain ills which civilized men fall heirs to. But who shall sing the joys of sleeping in the woods, or on the Chapel Beach?

Lemm said, one night, soon after we had sandwiched ourselves for sleep, that he knew there was a rat or mouse, or something of that kind, crawling over his legs, and proposed a hunt. Dox and I got pine knots lighted and looked all through the hemlock and pine carpet in the hut, but no living thing was to be found except the aroused Lemm; and again we courted sleep. Early next morning he said he had felt it again, whatever it was, several times during the night. Dox was out at the fire, heaping on wood and getting coffee-water hot, when he called to us to come out and help catch a snake. This was the disturber of Lemm's slumbers—must have been, for Dox saw it crawling out from that side of the tent where Lemm slept. It was a beauty, and three feet long.

"How do you like that sort of bed-fellow, Lemm?"

"Ho! that's nothing. Find one under your head some morning, as I have, and a moccasin to boot."

I wonder if it is not within the possibilities of chemical science to compound an unguent protection against flies, mosquitoes, and most especially midges and sand-flies. It would be a constant companion in all country excursions. Even Long Branch or Coney Island would be more peaceful, especially if the article had an appropriate name and agreeable perfume. Some one has recommended crude petroleum, but it is an open question whether the remedy is not worse than the evil. Sleeping in the woods gives one such a keen appetite. No matter what is prepared to eat that is only wholesome;

INTERIOR OF GRAND PORTAL.

and you are hungry again so soon that the days seem to stretch out very needlessly.

The beauties of all lands are dull and commonplace to the inhabitants thereof, however much they may be prized by strangers. And the Pictured Rocks are no exception to the rule. "High and rough and stained, and rather curious; still, nothing but rock, after all. Can't see why people come all the way from New York to see nothing but stones. Curious, maybe; but we can see 'em any time when we've nothing else to do. Good place to fish —for some kinds. Where the streams run in, and near the cascades, you are sure to get brook-trout, very fine flavor; and since the steamer was wrecked something can be made fishing up old iron; but no one hereabouts ever feels like wasting time just to look at the rocks. As for the picturs, every one has a notion of their own about them. No two sees 'em alike."

Now for a trip to the Grand Portal. Lemm says he just as lieve go and try his luck at the wreck, fishing for old iron, and be back about sundown; so Dox and I go in the birch. Modestly we enter by the side opening of the cave, and while the sketch is in progress, from the fallen rocks at the back, Dox in the birch goes along the walls, peeping in and out, exploring for pebbles and specimens of rock and lichens and crystallizations.

Imagine yourself in a room four hundred feet long, by one hundred and eighty wide, and one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high to the arched roof, built of yellow sandstone, seamed with decay and dripping with water. Shout, and your voice is multiplied a hundredfold by echoes that reverberate several seconds, sharp, metallic. Here the stratum of gravel is elevated about fifty feet, while at the Castle it is nearly down to the water-level, and at the Amphitheatre is about twenty feet above. The waters are undermining the foundations, and wearing holes every where in the support of the walls and roof, and in some day—how far into the future it is impossible to guess—the sandstone will be entirely cut through, and the immense roof come down into the waves, to be carried away in sand to make wider the Chapel Beach, or perhaps increase the Grand Sable. The water in the cave increases in depth as you go out toward the lake, from the bare rocks of the back end to about fifty feet at the opening,

and a few rods from the shore it is a hundred feet or more. The water is much deeper near the rocks at the Great Door, and a mile or two each way, than at any other place along the shore. The cliff on the west, next to the Grand Portal, is hollowing out, forming an immense cave, increasing yearly, being much larger now than it was a year ago. Then we visited it with two photographers from Chicago, and we had one of their views with us as a record. Great blocks had fallen and enormous cavities formed where last year it was apparently solid rock, stained with the accumulation of years. This change impressed us with a feeling of great insecurity, which increased so much that we hastened to finish our sketch and remove to some more secure position less in danger of being ground to powder.

Dox said he had no doubt we could bring down a rock from the roof inside by firing a pistol; so we paddled to the mouth and fired back into the cave. Either our gun was too small, or the rock was not ready to respond and come down, for the only result was some very sonorous echoes which set the flocks of gulls to whirling and screaming, some coming very near and looking fiercely at us as they sailed swiftly by, as much as to say, "Clear out, you meddlesome chaps, and stop trying to disturb our ancient nesting-place!"

Again we paddled into the great cave, and looked along its walls, and followed the flowing waves and the accompanying reflections chasing each other up the sides and dancing in the roof. It is beyond the power of the pencil to represent the effect of the reflected light in the roof as seen from the rear. Especially when the sun is toward the west the bright light is reflected back from the waves into the cavern, and undulates like a sea of light overhead; a picture in living colors, so tender, so quiet—luminous, pearly grays, bright flashes, cool high lights, all warmed by the yellow sandstone, dripping with water, on which the effect is thrown. We tried firing the pistol again at the rear, but with no other result than a series of deafening echoes. This would be an awful place in a storm. There is no rock on which you could climb more than six or ten feet above calm water-level, and waves coming in with a high wind would wash the rocks for a hundred feet in height; and no one could possibly live a single day, much less during a storm of a week.

The fishermen understand the treacherous nature of the storms on Lake Superior, and are generally provided for the weather by carrying several days' provision when going even a few miles from home. The unfortunate man, if trapped on one of the beaches, where he could escape into the wilderness in the rear, could, by making a long circuit, avoiding the bays and creeks, possibly find his way to the shore opposite Grand Island, at Munising. If he lost his way—not at all improbable in a storm—his only salvation would be his gun, and the possibility of reaching Marquette, Escanaba, or some lumber settlement on Green Bay, a good hundred-mile tramp.

Our last glimpse of the Grand Portal was near sunset one day after rain, when the rays of the sun lit up the yellow sandstone with a glory that melted the shining mass into burnished gold.

"Lemm, how far will we have to row to get to the Grand Sable?"

"Wa'al, about ten or fifteen miles to see the high banks; and you'd better be keerful of the weather, for it won't do to be caught there in a storm. No such thing as landing a boat in any safe place."

"Well, Dox, as our provision-chest has nearly given out, and Lemm will have to go home for a new supply, let us take two or three days' rations, and manage to meet him on his return to the Chapel Beach."

The rations we took were ten biscuits, about three pounds of maple-sugar, and a cooked trout of two pounds' weight. The stay at the rocks had been much longer than was calculated upon, and therefore the short allowance. Lemm thought he could return by the next day noon, certain, and away he pulled. Dox and I set out in the birch for new explorations. We passed the Cascade, the Wreck Cliff, Amphitheatre, Cliff of Tombs, End of Rocks, and then five miles along the Sable. Ocean sands are an index of infinity—a type; the desert also is a type, with its limitless expanse of sand. What shall we say of these mountains of sand? Two hundred to three hundred feet elevated against the sky, clothed with a forest; forever crumbling, changing, water-worn, wind-tossed, restless sands. We found a point where several large trees, fallen from the top, had been washed together in a heap by the storm, and packed solid by the sands around them, made a landing. Here we pulled up our canoe and rested. An attempt to climb up the bank was almost reckless, but at it we went, and after two hours of continual climbing succeeded in reaching the top. The sand was very dry and mealy, rolling under our feet, and seriously retarding our progress. I have been in the crater of Ætna and climbed the Pyramids of Ghizeh, but, if both could be combined, the ashes of the one and the steep of the other would not be a more difficult ascent than the Grand Sable.

The forest is pine, hemlock, spruce, birch, and cedar, with a very few oaks and maples. As you go back from the shore hard wood becomes more abundant. We dared not go far away, as it was said that in an hour or two a storm might burst on us, which might carry off our canoe from its landing or prevent our return to the Chapel Beach. We spent some little time hunting for stones to roll down the sands into the lake, but none were to be found; so we tugged at a half-decayed log and an old stump, and sent them tumbling down, bounding from heap to heap, with a final plunge into the water, sending the spray flying about like the big ruff around Queen Elizabeth's neck in

THE GRAND SABLE.

the authorized version of her portrait. The climate on the Sable is much warmer than on the rocks. It is hot. July asserts his usual prerogative there, and log-rolling is more like work than fun. One old pine that was some three feet diameter, standing on the very edge, with roots hanging in the air, reaching far down the retreating sands, tempted us to work at undermining it, so we might enjoy the event of its mighty plunge. Two hours very hard work with poles, clearing away sand and turf, and with hatchet chopping off roots on the upper side, at length rewarded us, when the immense tree bowed to 'orce of circumstances and went down, its branches singing a death-song as they whizzed through the air; but, as if struggling against its fate, the great mass plowed so deep into the sand as to lodge itself just as it reached the water, only just dipping the top fifty feet or so under the waves.

We were too tired for any more experiments, and debated whether to try to return to Chapel Beach or stay at the Sable all night. Dox voted to stay; and as the fifteen miles of paddling, with a red sunset and prospect of wind from the northwest, just the direction to blow us ashore, was on his side of the question, it was decided to sleep where we were. The canoe being carried up the sand fifty feet or so, and well tied to some stakes driven in below it, we made a nest for ourselves of pine and hemlock boughs, well covered over, as a precaution against rain or wind.

We lay alongside an immense fallen tree, and all night I dreamed of rolling down the Sable into the lake, and started up out of fitful slumbers only to find Dox sleeping very quietly, and to look at the stars, and again to sleep and dream. We hurried back to the Chapel Beach, arriving near sunset the next day, and found Lemm had brought an addition to our party, whom we will call Frederick Wilson, Esquire.

"So you are the artistical gentleman that Mr. Peter White, of Marquette, told me was down at the rocks? You know Peter White, cashier of the First National Bank—he knows you. Says you drew off the entire rocks for him last year, in an album style, very large size, in water-colors, and I have come down to learn the art. Can stay a week or ten days; not longer than ten, as I have engagements in

F. WILSON, ESQ.

Milwaukee that will take me away then. Mr. White says you know how to finish up photographs also in water-colors, and you get a high price for some of them. Besides, I would like very much to take a few lessons in landscape painting in oils; and I wish you to understand that the cost will make no difference at all to me. All I want is the tricks and the dodges of colors and so on, and any reasonable price is ready."

"My dear Sir," said I, when I could catch my breath, "I have found, after twenty years' application to art, that, after learning a few technicalities, progress in art is the result of accumulated knowledge and information concerning the subjects you are to represent; and your success will be very nearly in a ratio to the sum of what you know, and your ability to represent what you know in your materials, so that others may understand you, and think and feel with you. Then, if you have the genius to think and feel rightly, and use the best means of representation, you may hope to become an artist if you work hard several years."

"But all I want to know is how you sketch 'em off—just the slight way you make those so much admired water-color sketches that you do in an hour or two. And I say again I don't care what it costs."

Again, choking down a disposition to misuse my mother tongue, I replied:

"To be able to sketch well is like ripe fruit on the tree—there is a long life of art study and practice between beginning and sketching. I could not undertake to teach any thing of real value to you in less than a year."

F. W. again, blatant: "I see advertisements nearly every day of those who will teach in ten or twelve lessons the whole art in oil and water-colors, landscape figures and photographs. I think there must be some prejudice you have got against me, or you would let me into your secret."

If this individual had appeared to me in my studio I could have taken my hat and left, or quietly shown him the door; but there was no leaving the beach nor kicking him off, so it became a necessity to bear with his importunities to be "let into the secret for any reasonable price" for nearly a week. He cut my stay short many days. Flies, mosquitoes, snakes, rain, hunger, and thirst, the dangers of the waves, were all swallowed up in this one great visitation. I could only revenge myself by sketching him as he would sit on our wash-tub table, hour after hour, looking over my sketches, with polished hat perched on three hairs, cigar in position, lost in wonder and admiration, and burning with desire to be "let in." It is a standing wonder that any mortal can be so uninformed on art matters. Naturalists spend a whole lifetime, with the most brilliant talents, acquiring a sufficient knowledge of their science to enable them to distinguish, and name, and classify animated nature, and the most capable men have added the experience of their most valuable lives in perfecting the methods of study; and botanists, and geologists, and men in every profession and trade, and every walk of life, find the years too fleeting and few for a perfect mastery of the things brought into their special notice. Even a house carpenter is contented to serve a term of years at the trade; but here is a man whose lofty conceit and profound ignorance drive him frantic because a poor artist will not undertake to "let him into" Nature's world of infinite mysteries in a week.

As a sheet-anchor in this sea of trouble Dox, my Indian friend, whiled away many an hour of twilight or foggy morning with his violin, on which he is an excellent performer. Old Oneida knows the power of his bow, when with my uncle as second he went from dance to dance the county round. Sometimes my flute took up a tune which we both happened to

MR. WILLIAMS.

DOXTATER.

know, and we together waked melodious echoes in the neighboring cliffs. Lemm too was not always blowing about his gun; he now and then varied his tale by his exploits by land and water, near and far, and with a touch of plain history, accidentally dropped, concerning the earlier and later days on the island, made him, all in all, a very social, companionable man.

We were not favored with a breeze on our return to Grand Island, and having to paddle the whole way, Dox and I took to the canoe, leaving Lemm to bring F. W., Esq., with the other baggage.

At Mr. Williams's house we found a gentleman from Detroit in the last stages of consumption, so his friends kindly said, quite unable to enjoy himself or any body else. He seemed glad of the opportunity of getting to Marquette with us, and we counted him one with our party. Mr. Williams, among other interesting traits, possessed a firm belief in the curative powers of certain Spiritualist doctors. He gave us an account of his experience with several. He never was sick in his life—always been strong and hearty; but some of his children had been sickly, and one daughter had died lately of consumption. Some years since, when she began to fail and he felt alarmed for her, some one recommended her to visit a medicinal spring. Her letters from there during the first few weeks were encouraging, but afterward she failed so rapidly that he had to go and bring her home on a bed. Then a Spiritualist doctor was recommended, and as soon as she was able she went there. Again she improved for a few days, and then again rapidly declined. Another doctor, a trance medium, now discovered that all had gone wrong so far, and took charge of the case. Progress of patient up and down again as before. About this time he received letters from New York from a healing medium, who announced (as if it was a revelation) that he understood that a Mr. Williams, living, etc., etc., had a daughter most grievously afflicted, etc., and offered to restore her to youth and health in a marvelously short time, either at her own home or at his, in the city—which latter would be much more desirable, being under his immediate and personal inspection. And so on, all this time paying very heavy bills unto the end. But why does Mr. Jones believe in Mr. Williams's spiritual doctors? Because he only succeeded in finding a real, true, faithful healing medium, just before his daughter died, who could have cured her if he had been called in the first place, but only knew of the case when it was too late; so into the hands of this last most merciful and kind trance and healing medium was Mr. J. anxious to place himself.

Mr. Williams's eldest son proposed to take us to Marquette in the large sail-boat, as he had a lot of white-fish and trout ready for market; and we therefore made up a party, including Jones and F. W., Lemm and Bully, Williams Junior, Dox, and I.

Bully was son-in-law of an old Chippewa Chief (who was said to be over a hundred years old), and had been a mail carrier during the winter, when navigation was closed, for several years; making the journey to Detroit from Marquette in about two weeks, sleeping on the snow, wading rapid streams—an exceeding perilous task. He dressed just as he could catch it, in clothes new or second-hand, in style or out, military or civil, fits or not; and was a good-hearted fellow at all times. What his other name was besides Bully we did not learn, nor what he was Bully for; but guessed he was considered bully for whisky, as he earned some such title on our way up.

Williams Junior said we had better land on a little island just outside the entrance on the east of Grand Island Harbor, and visit the cave there. He described it as a most curious place, full of columns, rooms, passages up and down, altogether a fairy-like and strange cave. The party seeming inclined to see the sights, we landed, and drank the health of whatever god was dwelling there at the time, and sailed away again. The wind played a fast-and-loose game with our sails, and teased us along a mile or so

"BULLY."

an hour, just enabling us to go ashore at Laughing-Fish Creek and cook supper, and build a lean-to of poles and boughs, with a bed of pine and hemlock, when the sun set with a glorious display of colors. The color of the water of the lake is a clear blue, and where the sunlight illuminates it with the slanting morning ray near the cliff, or overshadowing forest, it becomes a cool bright green, nearly like lemon yellow shaded with pale blue. The night was bitter cold for July, and we built a rousing fire and fared sumptuously on roasted fish, fried fish, good bread, and coffee, with huge lumps of maple sugar, and good sweet milk.

There joined us for the evening two men who lived near, on a point of rocks, in a snug house with garden and stables for cows and pigs and fowls, and who seemed delighted to find several pairs of fresh ears into which to pour their side-splitting jokes and adventures of summer and winter; giving us in such brilliant brief extracts a complete history of as much of their lives as they cared to have us know. Lemm said next day that they were a curious set. The old one came from the East; had plenty of money and every thing, seldom went to town or any where, fished a little, hunted less, but was always bragging about his rifle, "when he knew so and so," and the like. The reader must imagine Lemm's conclusion to be a very modest reference to his own trusty gun.

We were a merry party and made the forest ring again, late into the night, and after our visitors left stowed ourselves away, some under the roof we had built, others in the bushes, to the windward of the fire, while Jones, the sick man, crept out into the weeds, far away from the fire, slept quietly all night, not coughing, and said in the morning that he had not slept so well for years.

At Marquette our party broke up. Jones took steamer for Detroit, and Dox the cars for Green Bay, where his tribe is located; Lemm Junior and Bully returned to Grand Island, and I to my easel; no more to dream of the Fairy-land of the Great Lake, but to revisit it in the midst of pleasant memories. Not all the wonders of the Grotto of Antiparos, or the splendors of Fingal's Cave in Staffa, or the magnificence of the Rocks of Etretat in Brittany, can compare with the unrivaled and peculiar glories of the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior.

THE GUIDE MARQUETTE.

LAST DAYS.

CHANGE! change!
Another leaf is turned,
And back into the old and strange
Sinks the half-learned.
Out of the quiet ways,
Into the world's broad track
We go forth in the summer days,
And never wander back.

Not death!
We do not call it so;
Yet scarcely more with dying breath
Could we forego.
We cross an unseen line,
And, lo! another zone;
We learn to make a stranger clime
Familiar as our own.

Not one,
But many lives, we hold:
Our Hail to every work begun
Is Farewell to the old.
At every bound we say,
"When will the days be past?"
But start with vain regret some day
In presence of the last.

The last!
Last looks are tenderest;
The sunset light is on the past;
The last wine is the best.
Oh days most sad and sweet!
The old life's fairest wreath—
No record ever is complete
Without that last word—Death.

THE IMPENDING CHECK-MATE.

My little love, do you remember,
  Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
  Check-mated by each other's eyes?
  Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.
  Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand:
The double Castles guard the wings:
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling, through the fight.
  Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
  And falter; falls your golden hair
  Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field your Queen
Rides slow her soldiery all between,
  And checks me unaware.
  Ah me! the little battle's done,
Dispersed is all its chivalry;
Full many a move since then have we
'Mid Life's perplexing chequers made,
And many a game with Fortune played—
  What is it we have won?
  This, this at least—if this alone:
That never, never, never more,
As in those old, still nights of yore
  (Ere we were grown so sadly wise)
  Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
  And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played, together!